

A Fairly Funny Story

When my daughter Anna got up this morning to go to work she came as usual to peek in our room, that is mama's and my room, to say goodmorning and ask some questions about where that black scarf was and other things but when she came in this morning she began to get excited and I felt awfully bad about everything and then she said to mama, do you want me to call the doctor? and mama said yes, to call him and everything would be all right.

I knew of course what was the matter and I felt awfully sorry for both of them. I knew that things could't be different and I wished by God that I could do something or other about it but I saw no way that I could so this is what I did. I waved my wings and flew away.

-- Robert Lowry

Bill Smith Is Dead

Bill Smith is dead. He scrimped
for thirty years to save
for his retirement
and on the very day it came
went to his grave.
Weep for the living if you must
but not for Bill -- he doesn't care:
the day Death powdered those
clay-pigeon plans mid-air
with one sure burst of shot
it ceased to matter whether
life was kind or not.

-- J. H. Lowell

Havertown, Pa.